NEVVES

From PEMBROKE and MONGOMERY

OR

OXFORD *MANCHESTERD*

BY

Michael Oldsworth and his *Lord*, who swore He was *Chancellour* of *Oxford*, and proved it in a *Speech* made to the new VISITOURS in their *New Convocation, April* 11. 1648.

As here it follows word for word and *oath* for *oath*.

Printed at MONGOMERY. 1648.

PHYSICK

for the PEMBROKE and MONGOMERY

OR

[illegible] MAGDALEN STERA

BY

[illegible] Oldsworth and his Lord, who

[illegible] was Chancellor of Oxford,

and proved it in a Speech made

[illegible] the VISITORS in that

[illegible] September, 1648.

And is to follow word for word

and as before.

The SPEECH it self.

Mr. VISITORS,

Am glad to see this day, I hope it will never end, for I am your *Chancellour:* Some say I amnot your *Chancellour*, but Dam me they lie, for my *Brother* was so before me, and none but Rascals would rob me of my Birth-right: They think Marquesse of *Hertford* is *Cancellor* of *Oxford*, because (forsooth) the *University* chose him; 'sDeath I sit here by *Ordinance* of *Parliament*, and jndge ye Gentlemen, wherher He or I look liker a *Chancellour:* I'le prove He is a Party, for he himself is a Scholar, he ha's *Greek* and *Latin*; but all the world knows I can scarce write or read, dam me this writing and reading hath cans'd all this Bloud.

Some say, I love not the *University*, but I say they lie, I love her, I count her my Mother, for I had four *Sons* there. You know what a coyle I had ere I could get hither, *Sleden* did so vex us with his Law and his Reasons we could get nothing passe, you saw I was fain to swear him down, and Mr. *Rous*, *Gurdon*, *Maidmay*, *Wentworth*

worth, *Prideaux*, *Scot*, and other friends voted bravely, else *Selden* had carried it. 'sDeath, that fellow is but *Burgesse* for *Oxford*, and I am *Chancellour*, and yet he would have the Parliament hear his *law* and *reasons* against their own *Chancellour*. I thank God, and I thank you; I thank God I am come at last, and I thank you for giving me a gilded *Bible*; you could not give me a better book (Dam me I think) I love the *Bible* though I seldome use it; I say I love it, and a Mans *affection* is the best Member about him; I can love it, though I cannot *read* it, as you Dr. *Wilkinson* love *preaching* though you never *preach*; what? cannot a man be Doctor of Divinity but he must *preach*? I hope you'l confesse I have gotten you good Places, if I had not stuck to you how could you have thrown out *Bayly*, *Selden*, *Fell*, *Potter*, *Oliver*, *Hammond*, *Morley*, and the rest? and then to what end had you been Visitours if ye got not their places? you know *Hammond* is my owne God son, and they say he is a Scholar? 'sDeath I love *You*, what care I for deep Scholars? Mr. *Cheynell* (I thank you) you have been kind to me, you have broke your brains againe for me, and I have given you another Head, for I have made you Head of St. *Johns*, and for you sake have thrust out *Bayly*, his *wife*, and nine pretty *children*. Master *Reynolds* I fear'd you would have left us, for your pretended to take no mans place from him, but I thank God you are of another mind; for you have both a Mans place and a Womans place, you have all that belong'd to *Fell* and his Wife and all his Children. Mr. *Wilkinson* you love me, and I am glad of it, for they say you hate yor enemies to the Bottomlesse pit, I have given you my owne Chaplains Prebend, and Dam me while he serv'd Me he was an excellent Scholar. Mr. *Corbet* I

love

love you too, I have made you *Oratour* of the *Universi-ty*, 'twas my God-son *Hammond's* place, I hope none will blame me for displacing my own God-son, you are now my God-son, for you are *Oratour*; I hope you'l speak for me, I cannot speak for my self; you have a Tongue now though you want Eyes, what cannot a man be a Visitour without eyes? Mr. *Langley* I love you also, I have made you Dr. of *Divinity*, Malignants say it's impossible to make you Doctour, but hang'em they lie, for you were *Created* Doctour, and nothing can *Create* but *God* and a *Chancellour*; Nay I have made you Head of *Pembroke Colledge*, I cannot make you Governour, for a Rogue (they call him *Poyer*) is Governour of *Pembroke*, and Dam me I think the King will make *Poyer* to be Earle of *Pembrooke*. Mr *Harris* you are an old man, I have made you Head of *Trinity Colledge*, I love an old Head, Dr. *Kettle* was an old Head before, but he loved us not, I love an old Head new made. Sir *Nathaniel Brent* I know you love me, for you are Judge of the *Prerogative Court*, the Parliament gave it you, you are a good man, and that's a good place, they say you have no *Civill Law*, what's that to th purpose; you have an *Ordinance* of *Parliament*, a man may be a Civilian by an Ordinance of Parliament, else why the Devil have we sate seven yeats? My Father said, that a *Parliament could do any thing but make a Man a Woman, and a Woman a Man.* Mr. *Rogers* you look as if you loved me, and I have made you Doctor, they call you *Aaron*, I hate'em for it, for I hate *Aaron*, he was a Priest, and I would have all Priests and *Iesuits* hang'd. Mr. *Cornish* I love you though your wife plaies tricks with you, they say she gads abroad because you are a *sicky weasse man*, but I have given you Dr. *Walls* place, for *the weakest*

best goes to the wall (you must give me leave to clinch, for those that have no wit must be content with clinches.) Mr. *Palmer* I have made you head of *All-Soules*, and have turn'd out *Sheldon*, I hope you love me, for you are a *Physitian*, and never any *Physitian* was Head of *All-Soules*, they say their *Statutes* do keep you out, hang their *Statutes*, I'le keep you in, you are a Member of the House of *Commons*, and a Member of *Parliament* may be Head of any House, what? must the *Parliament* be tied to Oaths and *Statutes*? I have for your sake clapt *Sheldon* in Prison, was it not high time? Dam me he hath more brains then all we together, you saw to day what tricks he put upon me; I could not speake to him but he made it Non-sense, so as I was forc'd to cry him mercy four severall times; But I have *Sheldon'd* him by the hee's, and he Deserves it, 'sDeath, is he not *Clerke of the Closet*, I love no *Clerks of the Closet*, I am not one my selfe, Dam me if I be: There's a young rogue one *Palmer* (I hope Mr. *Palmer* he is not your Name-sake) this little knave lookt at me as if he cared not two pence for me; But I have *Sheldon'd* him too, and I'le justifie it, for he is at least twelve years old, and the Parliament hath imprison'd one not nine years old, I mean *Inchiquin's* Son, a Plague upon him, for now *Inchiquin* is turn'd *Imbibing*. Gentlemen, love one another, for there's twenty thousand do hate you, they say you are all either *Dunces*, *Knaves*, or Mad-men, 'sDeath they'l say so of me if they durst. But do you serve God and love your Chancellour, you have all the good Places the *University* can yeild; you desired us to make you *Visitours*, and you have made your selves Heads of *Colledges*. I love you all, Dam me do, I command you (*Register*) to write it down that I love them all, your name is *French*, and

my

my rame may be *French*, for I cannot ſpell *Engliſh*. God bleſſe you all, and God bleſſe me, and doe as I doe, for I *feare God and obey the Parliament*; I will live and die with you, and God confound me if I leave the Town theſe two daies.

Copia vera

MICHAEL OLDSWORTH.

FINIS.